

CUMBERLAND'S

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HERCULES;

KING OF CLUBS:

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,

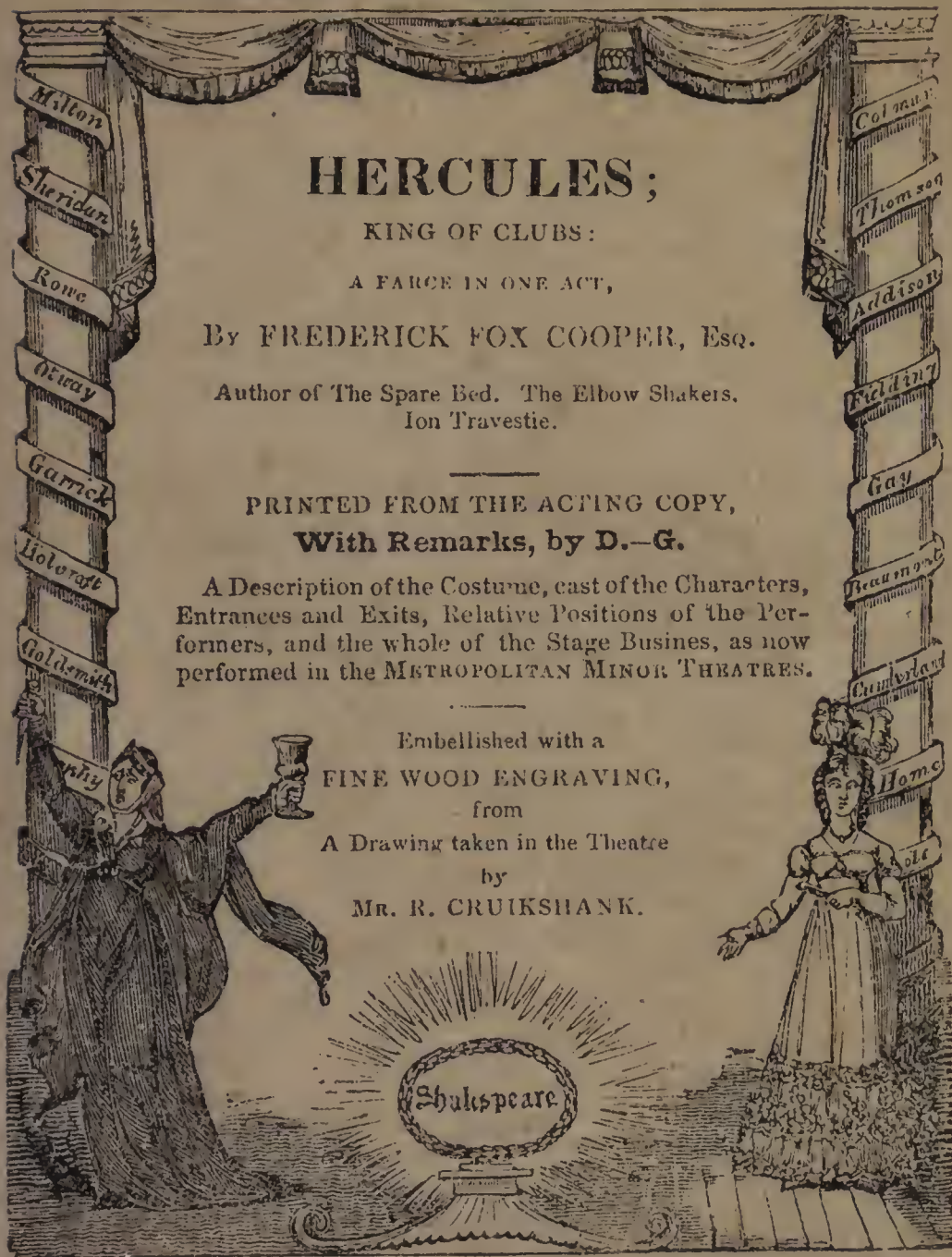
By FREDERICK FOX COOPER, Esq.

Author of The Spare Bed. The Elbow Shakers.
Ion Travestie.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,
With Remarks, by D.—G.

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters,
Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Per-
formers, and the whole of the Stage Busines, as now
performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

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— from
A Drawing taken in the Theatre
by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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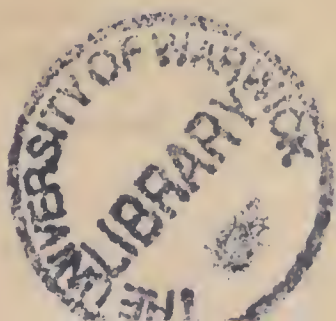
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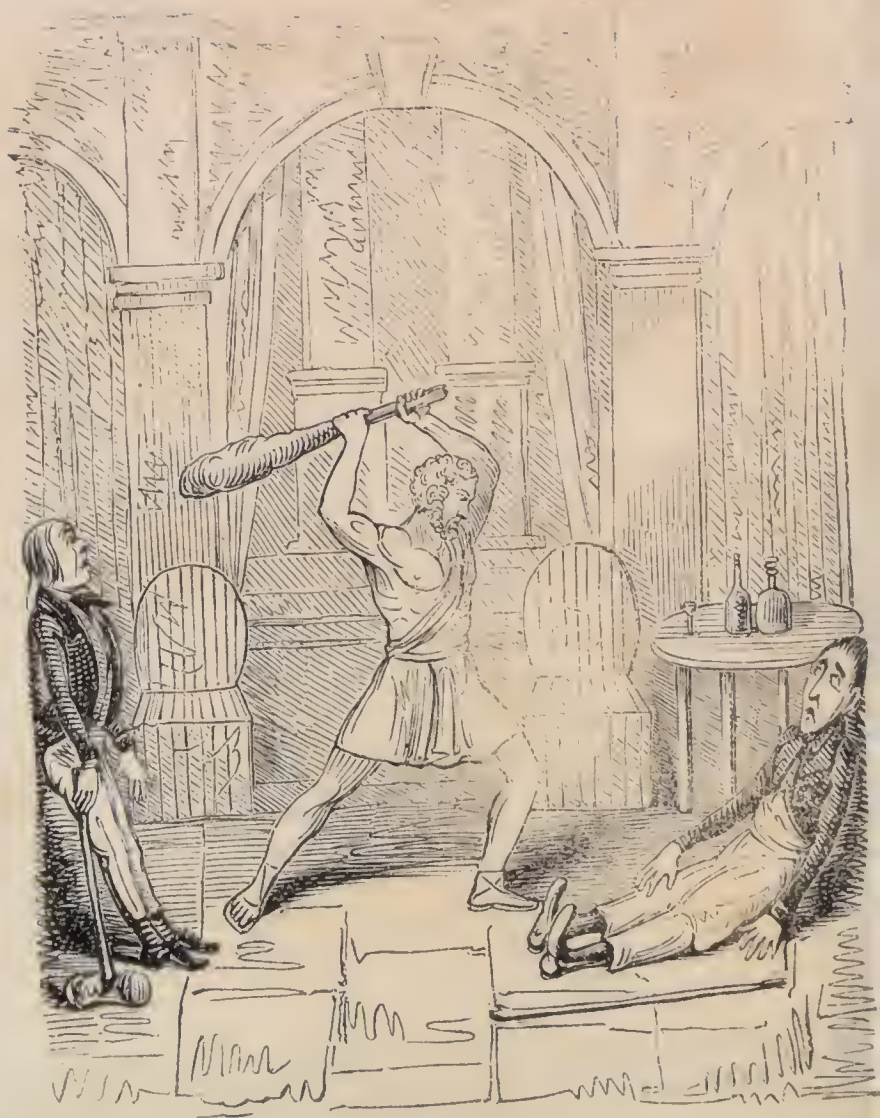
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Hercules, King of Clubs !

Harry. Oh, lord ! it has struck one !

Tim. Yes, and I'll strike two !

Act I. Scene 3.

HERCULES,

KING OF CLUBS!

A FARCE,

In One Act,

BY FREDERICK FOX COOPER, ESQ.

*Author of The Spare Bed, Ion Travestie, The Sarcophagus, The Elbow
Shakers, Black-Eyed Sukey, Waiting for Bail, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,
DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME, — CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, —
ENTRANCES AND EXITS, — RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, — AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the
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EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
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LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Hercules, King of Clubs.

THIS farce is novel and ingenious ; the dialogue is terse, and the situations are full of ludicrous effect. There is nothing new in a gallant captain putting on disguise, and carrying off a willing young lady ; and an intriguing valet aiding the plot with his cunning contrivances. But to treat these with any degree of novelty is a feature in farce-writing ; and Mr. Cooper has so treated them.

Tim, the hero, having been unlucky in his last trick upon Mr. Granite, returns to his master, Captain Darling, the gown, cap, jazey, &c., in which he had masqueraded, for the purpose of outwitting the watchful old sculptor, and emancipating his ward, Lavinia. He had shaved himself with extraordinary precision ; sacrificed a flourishing pair of bushy whiskers ; invented an extra number of plausible lies ; and unsexed himself into a jolly lass of exceeding circumference and gravity ; when, bulky as he was, his rotundity was seen through ; and, but for the providential absence of a horse-pond, he had assuredly taken a pleasure-bath ! His ejection had not been effected without considerable damage in the studio : Frederick the Great was smashed to pieces ; Buonaparte was minus a nose ; while sundry plaster heads of hair-brained politicians and moon-struck poets were cracked, like their originals ! What disguise shall he assume next ? Cupid ? Cupid is a little boy. But may not Cupid on an enlarged scale be agreeable to the lady ?—Or Diana with her kids ? Venus de Medicis ?—Apollo Belvidere ? It is decided, as he must be *sculpturesque* ! that Hercules shall be his new character. But Tim barely tops five feet nothing ; and he is not a bit of India-rubber to be stretched into a giant ! No matter : he shall be Hercules abridged ; and, dressed, or rather *undressed*, like the King of Clubs, be conveyed to the sanctum of Mr. Christopher Granite. Now, the sculptor, though never without a *cast* in one eye, squints at Miss

Lavinia Ramsbottom with the other ! Hence the strictness with which the young lady is guarded by the plaster-of-Paris man, and mamma. The latter is of the true Slip-slop and Malaprop breed : she brags of the five hundred pound *bonassus* she is to pocket on the wedding-day, which makes her *dissolved* upon the match !

Mr. Granite has contracted with one Fuzby, a virtuoso, for four statues, to give a classical air to his cockney villa ; and as the marble which is to form them has not yet been touched by the chisel, he is sorely puzzled how to allay the impatience of the importunate amateur, who threatens to withdraw his commission if he is not instantly shown what progress has been made towards their completion.—Hercules, bearing his huge club, and attended by Isaacs, a Jew dealer, arrives in full state at the house of Mr. Granite. What a magnificent antique relic ! (“*Relish !*” cries Mrs. Ramsbottom.) The sculptor is in ecstasies with this glorious specimen of art : it seems to breathe with vitality. (“*Vitality !*” echoes Mrs. Ramsbottom.) Eleven pounds are handed over to Isaacs for his skilful repair of a now invisible fracture, which Isaacs (the disguised captain !) pockets. And now commence the gambols of Hercules, which, in number and oddity, surpass his boasted “*Labours.*” He is suddenly taken with a fit of coughing and sneezing ; and Isaacs, to divert the company’s attention from the statue, out-coughs and out-sneezes his majesty of clubs ! The Israelite hints that Miss Lavinia is Granite’s living model for Venus : “*I am his model for Wenus !*” cries the indignant Dame Ramsrump. Hercules roars with laughter ; Isaacs is similarly convulsed.—The club falls with a heavy whack on the shoulders of Granite, who ejaculates ten thousand murders, and swears he has been cudgelled by Lucifer ! He is thunderstruck to see the statue shake—one foot a little too forward, and the club in the left hand ! Rubbing his eyes for a moment, he beholds Hercules stock still ; his club in his dexter manus, and his foot in its proper place. Other pranks follow ; and Granite’s wig, dexterously abstracted from his bald pate, produces a sound thrashing to apprentice Tommy. Mr. Fuzby arrives red hot to take a peep at his statues. Lavinia, who has been let into the secret, asks ‘Tim to personate them. Another glass of brandy, and he’ll try ! Fuzby offers to bet the sculptor twenty pounds that he will not show him his Ajax. “*Take it !*” cries the King of Clubs, from behind the curtain ;

and ere Granite has recovered his surprise, the curtain is drawn aside, and Ajax strikes the astonished view of both artist and amateur! In like manner, the Dying Gladiator—(Mrs. Ramsbottom never before saw a dying *alligator*!)—Atlas carrying the globe upon his back, and Venus (*with drapery*!) at the bath, are successively exhibited. Fuzby now wants to see the whole four together, that he may judge of their united effect. This extraordinary treat Granite prudently puts off till to-morrow! Tim, who has not had his full surfeit of fun, plays some grotesque antics to the sepulchral harmonies of Don Juan, and raises the admiration and wonder of Fuzby; who, beholding the statue frisk about—take a pinch of rappee—hearing it sneeze—and feeling a sensible kick on the breech from its marble toe, pronounces it the magical perfection of art! The entrance of the captain and Lavinia, as man and wife, puts an end to his frolics and the farce.

A performer of considerable promise, Mr. W. J. Hammond, played the King of Clubs, and exhibited a peculiar vein of original humour. His transitions from the classical to the comical were happy and ludicrous. We shall be much disappointed if, with due study, he prove not a successful low-comedy actor.



D.—G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat*, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

. The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Strand Theatre, July 28, 1836.

<i>Captain Darling</i>	Mr. Fox Cooper.
<i>Tim (his Man, alias "Hercules")</i>	Mr. W. J. Hammond.
<i>Mr. Christopher Granite</i>	Mr. A. Young.
<i>Mr. Fuzby</i>	Mr. Wyman.
<i>Tommy</i>	Mr. Attwood.
<i>Harry</i>	Mr. Searle.
<i>Mrs. Ramsbottom</i>	Mrs. Tayleure.
<i>Lavinia</i>	Miss Furguson.

Costume.

CAPTAIN DARLING. — *First dress* : Military frock coat—white trousers—black stock—cap. *Second dress* : A Jewish gaberdine—stick—large hat.

TIM. — *First dress* : Servant's smart livery. *Second dress* : Roman shirt—leggings—sandals—wig, &c, all white.

MR. CHRISTOPHER GRANITE.—Old gentleman's dark brown suit—shoes and buckles.

MR. FUZBY.—Old gentleman's dark suit, rather more antique than Granite's—spectacles—stick.

TOMMY.—Red jacket—short nankeen trousers—cap—shoes and stockings.

HARRY.—Boy's spencer—nankeen or duck trousers—shoes and stockings.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM.—Extravagant plum-coloured silk dress, made low—Mary Queen of Scots' cap, with large gaudy ribbons.

LAVINIA. — *First dress* : White muslin. *Second dress* : Ditto, with a white veil.

HERCULES,

KING OF CLUBS!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Library in Captain Darling's Lodgings—
a table, two chairs, &c.*

*Enter CAPTAIN DARLING and TIM, R.—Tim carrying a
cap, gown, and curls.*

Tim. (R.) No, sir, no! There's the cap—there's the gown—there's the false curls—there's everything; and if ever, for love, ambition, or money, I trust myself in petticoats again——

Cap. (L.) Silence, sirrah! no profanation.

Tim. Exactly, sir — no profanation! Henceforth I'll admire, but touch not.

Cap. Nay, but you are vanquished by one little rebuff.

Tim. Little rebuff!—As Lady Macbeth says, “I unsex myself;” I don petticoats; shave extraordinarily; nay, sacrifice my whiskers, to put a better countenance on the disguise;—I visit Mr. Christopher Granite, with, perhaps, one of the best concerted lies that ever did honour to the fertile brain of a footman; when, despite my wardrobe—despite my razor—despite my invention, I am seen through, laughed at, threatened, hunted, and only 'scape being pumped upon, there happily being no pump in my eventful progress!

Cap. A trifle!

Tim. Possibly, sir; but trifles try the man, and I am satisfied.

Cap. Come, come; 'tis your vanity that's piqued: you thought to pass for an old woman, and hadn't the wit to act up to the part.

Tim. And, to say the truth, 'twas annoying; seeing how successfully many gentlemen represent that venerable character.

Cap. And you effected no entry into the old sculptor's house?

Tim. Oh, yes, sir; I effected the entry, and Mr. Christopher Granite the ejection. But, sir, there is one comfort: the damage done is considerable.

Cap. Damage!

Tim. Sir, in our battle, I demolished Frederick the Great; utterly destroyed Christine of Sweden; deprived Buonaparte of his nose; made nothing of Sir Walter Scott; and scattered the floor with the fragments of the immortal heads of poets and politicians, gods and goddesses! Castles and cottages—the “cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, the great globe itself—nay, all that it inherits,” I dissolved, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind!—*[Crossing to L.]* To be sure, my beauty had somewhat suffered; for in the fray I got a cast in each eye.

Cap. No matter: Lavinia must have my letter—must be mine, if there be a post-chaise extant, and the north road still passable. Tim, I have a thought.

Tim. I'm glad of it. *[Aside.]* He generally comes to me for one.

Cap. As you have not succeeded in the disguise of a woman, suppose I send you into the house by means of—

Tim. Of what, sir? Don't hesitate—don't consider me! Am I to be shot from an air-gun, or dropped down the chimney? I say, sir, don't consider me: 'tis but a beating, a tossing in the blanket, and a cooling in the horsepond.

Cap. Listen: 'twas your clothes that this time betrayed you.

Tim. True, sir, true; I fell a victim to my wardrobe: many a great man has had the like disaster.

Cap. Now, you shall have no clothes at all.

Tim. Sir!

Cap. Nay, I am serious.

Tim. I'faith, and so should I be in such a dilemma—very serious!

Cap. Psha!—I mean, you shall see my charming girl, and be a statue all the time.

Tim. Impossible, sir—quite impossible! I never saw a charming girl, and was a statue in all my life. I tell you so; I know myself, and I couldn't do it.

Cap. I can get you a dress: old Christopher is sand blind, and——

Tim. Yes, sir, but sand blind won't do. Not to know a man from a statue, he ought to be stone blind. But pray, sir, if I am to be sculpturesque, what is it to be?—What marble character am I to act?

Cap. Humph! let me consider.

Tim. I see, sir, I see—Cupid!

Cap. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Tim. The God of Love, or nothing!

Cap. Nonsense!—Cupid's a boy.

Tim. Very true, sir; but no lady objects to Cupid on an enlarged scale. Only read the Loves of the Giants!—Cupid and his bow and arrows—this way. [*Imitating the position.*] Nay, sir, don't laugh; I must be the archer-boy. [*Singing.*

“Love was once a little boy—heigho! heigho!”

Yes, sir, it must be Cupid. Why, I have a very pretty dimple in my cheek—that's half the battle.

Cap. I tell you, Cupid will never do. Let me see.

Tim. Well, then, what do you think of Diana?

Cap. Worse and worse!

Tim. Diana with her little kids! [*Singing.*

“Hark! Diana calls—‘Away to the chase!’”

Cap. No, no! it shall be——

Tim. Right, sir, right—the Venus de Medicis. [*Imitating the position.*] “To stand the statue that enchants the world!”

Cap. Rascal! be serious, or I'll cut off your nose, and send you for one of the Elgin marbles!

Tim. Well, if I must be masculine, I'll be nothing less than Apollo Belvidere.

[*Throwing himself into the position, and singing.*

“Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us!”

Cap. At one word, you shall go as Hercules.

Tim. Hercules!—Sir, I feel the compliment, but I'm not the size. Take me out of my stockings, and I'm but five feet seven; and I'm not a piece of India-rubber to stretch into a hero of six feet seven! 'Twon't do, sir; 't isn't the size of a pocket Hercules.

Cap. Hercules with his club. You have often said you should like to belong to my club: now my club shall belong to you.

Tim. Well, the club reconciles me. But, seriously, sir, what do you propose?

Cap. To dress you as a statue; get you into the house;

leave you in the studio ; when you must take advantage of your situation—communicate with Lavinia—undo bars—open doors——

Tim. Pick locks, or commit manslaughter, as the case may happen. And the reward, sir ?

Cap. A hundred pounds, if I succeed.

Tim. I take your money, sir. A hundred pounds for rising to a giant ! I can't refuse it, when so many giants have shrunk into dwarfs for half the money. [*Recollecting himself.*] But, no, sir—the joke's too plain ; 'twill never do ! Though Granite is a fool, he's not such a fool as—

Cap. Well, then, you give up the hundred pounds ?

Tim. I am desperate, and a hundred pounds will be balm to my agitated soul ; and so—so, sir, I will, despite my inches, be Hercules, the King of Clubs !

Cap. [*Crossing to L.*] Then follow me, and dress for the part. [*Exit, L.*]

Tim. Dress !—He means undress. The part !—I wish it was to talk, instead of being looked at. Well, with all his labours, Hercules hadn't so much labour in being Hercules, as I shall have in imitating him.

SONG.—TIM. [*Introduced.*]

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Granite's House—a door, L.F.*

Enter LAVINIA, R.

Lav. Another day has passed, and still no news of Captain Darling ! And to be thus persecuted by Mr. Granite ! Oh, Love ! Love ! what a mischievous rogue art thou !

SONG.—LAVINIA. [*Introduced.*]

Enter CAPTAIN DARLING, hastily, L.

Cap. Lavinia !

Lav. Darling !

Cap. The happiest accident ! Passing the house, I saw your goaler leave it—have hither flown to tell you of my plan,—the rarest—most ingenious, boldest device that ever——

Mrs. Ramsbottom. [*Without, R.*] What, Lavinia !

Lav. My mamma !—We are lost !—Fly, or——

Cap. [*Looking off, L.*] That infernal apprentice !—That way is impossible ; [*Pointing to R.*] this leads to

your chamber: the only way to that is through the church. Ha! this closet! [*Exit at the door, L. F.*]

Lav. Not there! for Heaven's sake, not there!

Enter MRS. RAMSBOTTOM, R.

Mrs. R. Now, Lavinia, where do you get moping, and scytheing, and drooping, like a weeping willow, when you know I want to talk to you about your prospects with Mr. Granite?

Lav. Prospects!

Mrs. R. Hasn't he a perquisite collection of statutes? and if he really resists in his attentions to you, who knows what may be the consequence?

Lav. Mamma, I'm astonished at your wishes!

Mrs. R. Nonsense, child!—It would be my pride to see you mistress of all them there statutes. Look at that dear little Cupid! I have sanguinary expectations it will one day be yours.

Lav. Never, I hope, mamma. Mr. Granite is old enough to be my father: besides, I have no wish to step in between you and him.

Mrs. R. Ridiculous, child! I tell you, it is you he loves to extraction; he told me so when we were in Italy, and burnt bastiles. Aye, I remember the time well; it was at his willa, when it was so hot, that we were obliged to sleep in the open air beneath a marquis.

Lav. Marquee you mean, ma—a marquee.

Mrs. R. Well, you know what I mean; so where's the use of disposing me? But, as I was saying, if you will only take Mr. Granite, he is prepared to settle a handsome fortune upon you, and to give me a bonassus of five hundred pounds into the bargain. Only think of that! Why, it would enable you to have a comparised horse to ride upon.

Enter MR. CHRISTOPHER GRANITE, L.

Gra. Now, my dear Miss Ramsbottom, have you made up your mind at last?

Mrs. R. I have demonstrated with her on the folly of dejecting the proposition you have done us the honour to make; but I am sorry to say, she is still hankering after her Darling, as she calls him.

Gra. You see, ma'am, this comes of your telling that spark—that sprig of lavender, the captain, that you would consider of his offer.

Mrs. R. But I am now dissolved ; and so, Lavinia, once for all I tell you——

Lav. That you are willing to accept the captain for your son-in-law. Dear, good mamma !

Mrs. R. No : to deny him the house altogether.

Gra. The fool came into my shop the other day, and laid out fifty pounds in Cupids, and such like. [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! He may come upon the same terms as often as he pleases : it will all go towards the general stock when we are married, you duck ! [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha !

Mrs. R. Why, I declare the silly girl is weeping !

Gra. Let her—let her ; it is quite refreshing to see real grief. I like to copy from nature : if she'll only stand in that position five hours, I'll fetch a block of marble, and cut an original Niobe.

Enter TOMMY, L.—Mrs. Ramsbottom and Lavinia retire up, R.

Now, Tommy, have you been to the dealer ?

Tom. Yes, sir, but he warn't at home ;—they said, sir, that they'd send the statue of Hercules almost directly.

Gra. Did you see it, Tommy ?—Is it well repaired ?

Tom. No, sir, I didn't see it ; but I'm told they've made a capital job of it.

Gra. Well, when Mr. Fuzby comes, for I haven't yet seen him, show him to me. The fact is, Tommy, he's a fool, and knows nothing of the arts ; and the statue his man has sold me is very cheap. But let me know the moment he arrives ; and see that the Hercules is carefully placed in my studio.

Captain Darling. [*Aside, peeping from the door, L. F.*] Now, then, for Mr. Isaacs and my Hercules !

[*Advances cautiously, and exits, unperceived, L.*

Gra. Tommy, has any one been here during my absence ?

Tom. The agent, sir, for his four statues.

Gra. And not one have I obtained ! What did you tell him ?

Tom. Why, I made him believe they were all behind the curtains in your studio ; and that you were so particular, that you wouldn't let your work be seen when it was only half done.

Gra. Very right : 'twas so with Michael Angelo.

Tom. He said, if he couldn't have them all to-night, he'd withdraw his commission, and ruin you outright.

Gra. [*Aside.*] And if he should, I'm undone; there's nothing left me but the Gazette. [*Knocking heard, L.*] Run, Tommy, run! it may be him. If so, I'm not at home.

Tom. Yes, sir; I'll say you say I am to say you are not at home. [*Exit, L.*]

Gra. If it should be——

Re-enter TOMMY, L.

Tom. Oh, sir—sir! he's come!

Gra. Confusion!

Tom. And it's so beautifully done!

Gra. Why, what do you talk of?

Tom. The Hercules, sir.

Lav. [*Coming forward, R.*] If you please, ma, we will leave Mr. Granite to——

Mrs. R. (R. C.) Leave!—No such thing: I love to see the conquests of art over nature.

Gra. (C.) [*To Mrs. Ramsbottom.*] I warrant she'd stop fast enough if her red-coated Darling was here. [*Calling off, L.*] Take care, there—take care!—'Tis a most delicate thing, though a Hercules. [*A noise without, L.*] Mind—mind his nose against the wall! I wouldn't have his nose hurt for the nose of Cæsar!

Captain Darling. [*Without, L., as the Jew dealer.*]—Mind—mind, ma tears! Dere—softly!

Gra. Aye, take care—be cautious! This way, madam. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Granite's Studio, with five niches, or compartments, with a curtain before each — No. 1, Ajax, R. S. E.—No. 3, Atlas, R. C. F.—No. 5, Hercules, C.—No. 4, Venus, L. C. F.—No. 2, a Gladiator, L. S. E.—a table, chair, and a book, R. C.—a table and chair, with a decanter of wine, a bottle of brandy, and two glasses, L. C.*

CAPTAIN DARLING, disguised as a Jew, R. C., and TIM, as Hercules, with a club, on a pedestal, C., discovered.

Enter MR. GRANITE, MRS. RAMSBOTTOM, and LAVINIA, L.

Gra. Look, madam! see, what a noble attitude! what

a face, serene in conscious strength! Bless me! Mrs. Ramsbottom, what's the matter?

Mrs. R. [*Crossing to R.*] It's very foolish to give way to such weakness; but, as he stands, he is so like the late Mr. Ramsbottom, he seems as if he were come back again.

Gra. Then I don't wonder at your agitation. Let me put on my glasses. Isn't it beautiful? A real antique! The moderns can do nothing like that. [*To Captain Darling.*] Your name, sir, is——

Cap. Isaacs Solomons Israel Emanuel Levy Nathan Jacobs, at your service, ma tear! I've mended hish leg, and brought home de goots. 'Tish a fine antique relic, ma tear.

Mrs. R. That it is—a fine antic relish!

Cap. Now, ma tear, it ish petter as new.

Gra. [*To the Captain.*] You have done the job well—umph!—very well; and there's the ten pounds.

Cap. No—eleven: it cost me as moch, as I'm a sinner, and hope to be shaved. [*To Mrs. Ramsbottom.*] Didn't it, ma tear?

Mrs. R. [*Aside.*] The imperence of some people is abominable! This is some low actor from one of the provisional theatres.

[*Tim sneezes, coughs, &c., which the Captain imitates, to deceive Granite.*]

Cap. [*Crossing to Lavinia, who is leaning against the table, L. C.*] Pless ma heart! vat is here? Ish dat a statue? Vat sall I give you for it? You sell—I'll puy, old gentleman.

Mrs. R. Old gentleman!—Is this your Hebrew breeding, you mendicant varlet, you? Mr. Granite! Mr. Granite! do you allow him to result you in this vay?

Cap. Beg pardon; but dat young lady is most peautiful. [*To Granite.*] Your model for Venus, I suppose?

Mrs. R. No, fellow: I'm his model for Wenus.

Cap. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Tim. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

[*The Captain checks Tim in this and in every other instance, when he is playing his pranks.*]

Gra. [*To the Captain.*] Rascal! do you laugh at me to my very face?

Cap. Rascal! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! You are de pleasantest old fellow dat ever I did pusiness wid in all ma life—surprising for your age!

Gra. Where is my cane? [*Chasing the Captain.*] Get out of my house, or—[*As he is passing, c. F., Tim strikes him with his club.*] Murder! thieves! murder!

Mrs. R. What's the matter, Mr. Granite? You look pale.

Gra. I've been struck, madam, by an invisible hand in a most mysterious manner.

Cap. [*Aside.*] Confound the fellow! his tricks will spoil all! I had better be off. [*Exit, L.*]

Lav. [*To Granite.*] Ah, you look quite alarmed, sir; I declare you tremble.

Gra. Enough to make me. Didn't you see that old clothesman affront me to my face, and beat out my teeth behind my back? I'll go and give information at the station-house.

Lav. They cannot interfere, sir; they did not see him do it.

[*Crosses to the table, R., takes up the book, and sits.*]

Gra. [*Calling off, L.*] Here, Tommy! Harry! Mary!

[*Exit, in a passion, L.*]

Mrs. R. Don't go, dear Mr. Granite, and leave us with this great, ugly statute! Lord! lord! look at its eyes! I'll not have such a thing near my apartment. Lavinia, my love, don't be alarmed; I'll send up the two 'prentices, and Mary, with a large sledge hammer, and they shall batter its head to pieces. [*Calling.*] Here, Tom! Harry! Mary!

[*Exit, L.*]

Tim. [*Coming down from the pedestal, and advancing to the table, L.*] Well, that's pleasant! — Luckily the old fellow thinks master struck him! [*Filling a glass of brandy.*] When they meet, there'll be a jolly row! Here's may the best man win!

[*Drinks.*]

Lav. [*Seeing Tim, starts up, throws down the book, and screams.*] Oh! a ghost! a ghost! [*Falling.*] Help! help!

Tim. [*Catching her in his arms.*] Now you have done for it! Why, 'tis only I, miss—'tis only Tim! Confound your squalling!—It would serve you right if you never got a husband!

Granite. [*Without, L.*] Hollo, there!

Tim. Oh, the devil! here they come again!

[*He runs, and jumps on the pedestal, and, in the hurry, takes the club in his left hand.*]

Re-enter GRANITE, hastily, L.

Gra. What's the matter? what's the matter?

Lav. (R.) Oh, dear! oh, dear! I was so alarmed—left alone, you know, sir, with that ugly figure; and when I looked, sir, I—I——

Gra. Fie, miss! you have betrayed yourself. You couldn't look at the beautiful statue whilst your mother and I were in the room, but must take a sly peep the moment our backs were turned! [*Putting on his spectacles.*] Well, I don't wonder at it; 'tis a splendid specimen of the truly antique. [*Tim takes off Granite's wig.*] Ah! I declare, hewn out of solid stone!—Flesh and blood couldn't look half so charming. [*Tim rocks about.*] But—eh?—what have you been doing, Lavinia? The statue shakes!—And, now I look at it again, the foot is brought too forward; the club, too, is in the left hand! [*Turning to Lavinia.*] Was that right? [*Tim changes the club to the right hand—Granite again turns to him.*] How stupid I am!—It is right enough!

Enter TOMMY, L.

Tom. Mr. Fuzby, sir, has come for his four statues, and he says he will see them immediately.

[*Tim throws the wig between Tommy and Granite.*

Gra. (c.) [*To Tommy.*] You rascal! how dare you take my wig off? [*Beating him.*] If ever you do so again—

Tom. I never touched your wig.

Gra. Don't lie, sir!

Tom. Why do you hit a poor boy?—Why don't you beat a man of your own size?

Gra. Silence, sirrah!—Go and try to persuade Mr. Fuzby to call again.

Tom. He says, sir, if he don't see them now, he'll withdraw his custom.

Gra. Well, well; let down the curtain upon Hercules, and I will try and pacify Mr. Fuzby. [*Exit, L.*

Tom. [*Going up to Tim.*] Oh, my fine fellow! Harry and I will soon smash your purty face! Missus has promised to reward us for it: won't it be a lark?

[*As he turns his back, Tim strikes him with his club—Tommy roars out, and runs across to L.—Lavinia rushes up, c., and stands in an attitude before Tim.*

Tom. [*Staring with astonishment.*] Were that you, miss?

Lav. Touch it not, at your peril!

Tom. Oh! I'll go and tell missus! [*Exit, L.*]

Lav. [*To Tim, as he descends from the pedestal.*] Be quiet, or you'll ruin all! Here comes Mr. Granite, with Mr. Fuzby for his statues. Now, couldn't you, Tim, contrive to represent them? You may with ease pass from one recess to the other.

Tim. Well, give me another glass of brandy, and I'll try. [*Drinks.*]

Granite. [*Without, L.*] This way, sir; I'll explain.

[*Tim re-ascends the pedestal hastily, and Lavinia lets down the curtain.*]

Re-enter GRANITE, L., followed by MR. FUZBY and MRS. RAMSBOTTOM.

Gra. But, my dear sir, you are so impatient: you mustn't calculate upon a sculptor, as you would upon a paviour.

Fuz. The four statues, sir—the four statues for my villa: are they done, sir?

Gra. Yes, sir; that is, sir—

Fuz. (L.) Then where are they, sir?—If done, where are they?

Gra. (L. c.) When I say, done, I mean, begun. [*Hesitating.*] I mean——

Fuz. Very well, sir; I must have ocular demonstration. Unless I see the figures, I withdraw my order. In the first place, where—where is my Ajax, defying the thunder? Where——

Gra. Mr. Fuzby, upon my honour, sir, the four statues are all but done;—they are in the niches behind us; but I have a morbid dislike to exhibit a half-completed work.

Fuz. I'll bet you twenty pounds you don't show me Ajax.

Gra. [*Apart to Mrs. Ramsbottom.*] What shall I do?

Tim. [*From the niche, R. S. E.*] Take it!

Gra. [*Starting.*] Murder!

[*Lavinia quickly draws the curtain aside.*]

Fuz. Zounds! what's the matter?

Gra. The—the statue!

Fuz. What statue?

Gra. [*Pointing.*] There—there!

Fuz. [*Giving Granite a purse.*] I beg your pardon;

there's the twenty pounds. [*Looking at Tim.*] Splendid ! beautiful ! how like life !

Mrs. R. Oh, Mr. Granite ! when did you do that ?

Gra. Upon my word, I don't know ! I'm in a maze !

Fuz. Now for my Gladiator : can't I see my Dying Gladiator ?

Gra. Impossible !

Fuz. But I must see him !

Gra. [*Looking towards Tim.*] I don't think it possible, but—[*Tim nods assent, and Lavinia closes the curtain.*] Well, if you draw the left hand curtain, you——

Fuz. [*Drawing aside the curtain, L. S. E., and seeing Tim as the Gladiator.*] Wonderful !

Mrs. R. Well, I never saw a dying alligator so like life before !

Fuz. [*Laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*To Granite.*] Not done, eh ? So, you wanted to surprise me ? Now, then, now for my Atlas, supporting the world.

Gra. [*Looking at Tim.*] Let me see : can I show Atlas ? is it sufficiently forward ?

Tim. All's right ! [*The curtain, L. S. E., is closed.*]

Gra. [*To Fuzby.*] Well, if you insist, the niche to the right——

Fuz. [*Drawing the curtain, R. C. F., and discovering Tim as Atlas, with the globe.*] Admirable ! beautiful !

Mrs. R. Is that Hatlas, the great map-maker ? It's very handsome ; but why do you give him such a stoop in the shoulders ?

Fuz. And now my last statue, and then the contract is fulfilled. Now for my Venus at the Bath.

Gra. To be sure—to be sure ! [*Looking at Tim, who shakes his head in refusal.*] Zounds ! why, the fact is, I assure you Venus is not very forward.

Mrs. R. Now, for my part, I always thought her very forward indeed.

[*Lavinia hands Tim some drapery from the chair.*]

Gra. [*To Fuzby.*] You can't see Venus.

Tim. All's right ! [*Lavinia closes the curtain, R. C. F.*]

Fuz. But I must !

Gra. I say you can't !

Fuz. I say I will ! There is but one curtain more, and she must be behind that.

[*They struggle up to the niche, L. C. F.—Lavinia draws the curtain, and discovers Tim as Venus.*]

Fuz. [*Hastily.*] That, Venus!

Gra. Perfect—a great improvement on the antique!

Fuz. Well, I don't think that so very happy; however, as you have fulfilled the contract, [*Giving notes.*] there's the money. [*The curtain, L. C. F., is closed.*] But I should like another peep. Take up all the curtains, and let me see them together.

Gra. No, no; you shall have them home to-morrow.—
[*Calling off, L.*] Here, Tommy! Harry! open the door.

[*Pushing Fusby off, L., and following him*

Mrs. R. [*Crossing to L.*] This is all remarkably strange! How did Mr. Granite obtain these statutes? There was not one here this morning; I saw none enter but Hercules, which was placed in the centre niche. [*She draws the curtain, C., and seeing Tim moving and drinking wine, she screams.*] Oh! a ghost! a spirit!

[*Exit in a fright, L.*

Tim. [*Descending from the pedestal, and advancing forward.*] Now, madam, I think it is our turn to escape: if they find me out, they'll pound me in a mortar.

Lav. But where is Darling all this while?

Tim. Waiting at the pastry-cook's round the corner; doubtless eating tarts, whilst I am to be beaten to a jelly.

Lav. I will but enter my room, and, ere my gaoler returns, away and join him. [*Exit, hastily, R.*

Tim. Well, I can't go into the street in this condition. There's a little wine left; I'll drink that for decency sake. [*Crossing to R.*] Sir, may I have the honour—[*Crossing to L.*] Madam, permit me the gratification—[*To the audience, bowing.*] Ladies and gentlemen, unused as I am to public speaking, and taken by surprise——

Tommy. [*Without, L.*] Come along, Harry; we'll soon settle Master Hercules!

Tim. [*Ascending the pedestal.*] Oh, the devil!

Re-enter TOMMY and HARRY, with a sledge-hammer and a crow-bar, L.

Tom. Now, Harry, missus says she'll pay us well if we breaks him to pieces.

Har. Oh, crikey, Tom! I'll bet you two to one I fetches his noddle off at one blow with this here crow-bar.

Tom. Do; I means to have a fly at his pins. Oh, good gracious! won't I split 'em!

Har. Here goes for a crack on his sconce!

[*They approach Tim, who knocks them down with his club—Tim descends from the pedestal, and moves forward to the music of Don Juan—he then makes Tommy rise, and walks him to a chair, and serves Harry in the same manner—Tim then gives them wine, while the time is beat with drum or cannon report.—The clock strikes one.*

Har. Oh, lord! it has struck one!

Tim. Yes, and I'll strike two!

[*He knocks down Harry, R. corner, and Tommy, L. corner.*

Tom. Oh, goodness gracious! master has turned Frankenstein, and this is the monster he has created!

Tom. & Har. [Roaring.] Murder! murder!

[*They endeavour to escape from him, and exeunt, running, L.—Tim goes up to the pedestal, c.*

Re-enter FUZBY and GRANITE, L.

Fuz. What means all this confusion?—Your doors open! the house haunted! Where is the arch fiend?

Gra. [Pointing over his back.] Didn't you see it?—Didn't you see it?

Fuz. See it!—See what?

Gra. The devil; he was here but just now. [Tim groans.] There's an infernal groan! Do you see nothing now?

Fuz. No—yes, I see your statue move.

Gra. Be careful; take care of him.

Fuz. Bless me! it must be a very great curiosity.

Gra. Yes, it is a great curiosity.

Fuz. [Taking snuff.] Aye, moves upon wires, I suppose? [Tim takes a pinch.] Dear me! only think of the perfection of human ingenuity! [Tim sneezes.] Beautiful articulation of sound! how nearly an approach to reality! [Tim jumps down.] Actually made to move at discretion! Excellently contrived, and wonderfully managed!

[Tim walks Fuzby to R., and then Granite to L.—
Music and report.

Gra. [Aside.] 'Tis contrived by the devil for my destruction!

Fuz. Magical perfection of art! [Tim kicks him.] Hey-day! by all that's wicked, 'tis flesh and blood! Call in the police! Who are you?

Tim. Hercules, old cock!

Gra. [*Calling off, L.*] Here, Tommy! Harry! where are you all?

[*Tim beats Granite and Fuzby round the studio.*

Re-enter TOMMY and HARRY, L. — Tim knocks them down, and a picture is formed — Harry on the ground, R. corner — Tim, C., with his club raised over the head of Fuzby, R. C. — Granite, L. C., supported by the foot of Tommy, who lies on the ground, L. corner.

Re-enter CAPTAIN DARLING, LAVINIA, and MRS. RAMSBOTTOM, R.

Cap. Hold, Tim! spare Mr. Fuzby!

Fuz. [*Rising in surprise.*] My nephew and Lavinia!

Mrs. R. Yes, the captain here has married my daughter, in spite of the strong compunctions I laid upon her.

Gra. Ah, I see it all! [*To the Captain.*] You are the rascal of a Jew, and your servant is——

Tim. [*Bowing to Granite.*] Hercules, King of Clubs!

FINALE.—TIM. [*To the Audience.*]

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And, critics, spare your rubs:

Pray pardon all the faults to-night

Of Tim, the King of Clubs!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

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